

TERMS.
Per annum, in advance, : : : \$2 00
In six months, : : : : : 2 50
Three copies, in advance, : : : 5 00

TO CLUBS

Of ten of THE HERALD will be.....\$1 50 per copy
of 20.....".....\$1 25 ".....
of 30.....".....\$1 00 "

The money must always accompany the
names of Club subscribers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, ten lines or less, first insertion,.....	\$0 75
Each subsequent insertion,.....	.25
One square three months,.....	.40
" twelve ".....	.50
Half column, one insertion,.....	.65
Half " one year,.....	.80
One column, one insertion,.....	.85
One column, per annum,.....	.95

Transient Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an Advertisement is handed in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated; it is not stated it will be taken at paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing no exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying for hours to lower our prices. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining—This is with respect to persons we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-listed customer than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let Printers live.

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For altransient Job Work and Advertising, this money must be paid when the work is done—the rule is without exception.

Amusing Story.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

[THE following capital story is from the pen of our accomplished townsmen, CHARLES A. DAVIS. It was written for, and published in, the Knickerbocker.—Home Journal.

It is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steam-boat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; we were still to find ourselves on board sloops, making an average passage of a week to Albany, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downsomer," and discomfiture of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel-boat, pushed every inch of the way, against its mighty current, by long poles, at the rate of "fourteen miles in sixteen hours."

"Why, you needn't snap off so tardy short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got piled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion on it;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling gray eyes, pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam-wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "lococo." When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last?) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "high Wallingford;" The die of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," had, in the mean time, entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat-trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion?—what notion? I inquired. "Why," says he, "that steam wagon I tell'd you about a spell ago;" but, added he, "it has pretty nigh starved me out," and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove-pipes, and mill-wheels, and tunnel-heads, in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these 'cute folks about here may have got peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact, continued he, I think the most curious part of this

THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

JAMES D. NOURSE,
EDITOR.

JAS. L. W. ELLIS,
PUBLISHER.

VOL. 2.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 25, 1852.

NO. 45.

JOB PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of the Herald, made several very necessary and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to get up our work in a style that can not fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BALL TICKETS BILLS,
POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c.

will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us as their patrons.

GIVE US A CALL.

mation of all future time, a faithful history of "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE." I am determined, at least, that that branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1805, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle

up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid

first steamboat that ever moved on the

waters of any river with passengers.—

Among the voyagers, was a man I had

known for some years previous, by the

name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an

industrious and ingenious worker in

sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his greatest

success lay in wire-work, especially in

making "rat-traps;" and for his last and

best invention in that line, he had just

secured a patent; and with a specimen

of his work, he was then on a journey

through the State of New-York, for the

purpose of disposing of what he called

"county rights;" or, in other words, to

sell the privilege of catching rats, accor-

ding to his patent trap. It was a very

curious trap, as simple as it was

ingenious; as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was a

long wire box, divided into two

compartments; a rat entered one, where

the bait was hung, which he no sooner

touched, than the door at which he en-

tered fell. His only apparent escape

was by a funnel-shaped hole into the

other apartment, in passing which, he

moved another wire, which instantly

re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat

furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious pre-

decessor," until the trap was full.—

Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the

recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respect-

fully recommend it to the attention of

the treasury department, as an append-

age to the sub-treasury system. The

"specification" may be found on file in

the patent-office, number eleven thou-

sand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I al-

lude, absolutely divided the attention of

the passengers; and for my part, it

interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery.—

To me, the steam-engine was Greek;

the trap was plain English. Not so,

however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found

him studying the engine with great

avidity and perseverance, insomuch

that the engineer evidently became

alarmed, and declined answering any

more questions.

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MEXICO.

This ill-fated country seems to be approaching the last stage of disorganization. The treasury is bankrupt, the Central Government is utterly impotent for good or evil; every Province almost has its separate insurrection affording to bands of plunderers and assassins full license and impunity: French fleets are hovering on its coast to enforce the payment of debts due and acknowledged by the former Mexican Governments; England doubtless will also put in her claims, and will the United States look on and see the powers of Europe make themselves the executors and residuary legatees of a deceased Republic on her own borders? The eagles are beginning to gather around the carcass before life is actually extinct, and we think it likely the American eagle will not be absent from the final banquet. He has had his eye fixed for some time upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Peninsula of California and the country west of the Rio Grande. If Mexico cannot maintain herself as an independent power and we can see no hope for her to do so, the United States will not permit any European power to obtain a foothold in her territory, or we much mistake the temper of our countrymen. It is a great and difficult problem which will probably soon claim a solution at the hands of our government.

Professor Dickey.

On Tuesday night last we had the pleasure of listening to the introductory lecture of a series on science and art by this gentleman. Although the Professor was laboring under a severe indisposition, we soon perceived he was well posted on his subjects. He is a fluent speaker,—easy, plain and entertaining in his illustrations. Those who would like to spend several evenings pleasantly and in the acquisition of knowledge would do themselves a favor by going to hear Prof. Dickey on these most interesting and useful subjects.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has transmitted orders to the French vessels of war in the neighborhood of Cuba to hold themselves subject to the orders of the Spanish Captain General. This confirms what was lately stated by the London Times, that France would join with Spain in resisting any attempt of the American people upon the island of Cuba. If we are not greatly mistaken surging times are approaching and the new administration will have its hands full.

From the fact that three British vessels of war have arrived in the harbor of Havana, about the same time that the news has reached us of an arrangement between France and Spain by which French vessels in the West Indian seas are to be subject to the orders of the Captain General of Cuba, it is supposed that England and France are determined jointly to protect Spain in the possession of Cuba against the American filibusters. It is conjectured, however, by others that the object of the British may be merely to capture certain vessels engaged in carrying on the slave trade between Africa and Cuba. We shall see.

The autocrat of all the Russias has appointed a Consul General at the Sandwich Islands, for the purpose it is believed of watching the Americans, with a view to checking our progress on the Pacific. The portents of a struggle between this republic and the great powers of Europe are thickening. Russia has possessions in North America which approach very near our north-western boundary.

An election was held last Saturday, the 20th, in the Louisville District, for a member of Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Humphrey Marshall. Col. Wm. Preston, the Whig candidate was elected over Mr. Culvin Sanders, the nominee of the Democratic convention, by a majority of about 1700. This is a great triumph for Col. Preston, who, we venture to predict, is destined to be prominent in the politics of this country.

Can it be done?

The London Athenaeum seems to think not, and presents the following catalogue of obstacles:

Is it possible to connect the New World with the Old by means of a magnetic wire? This question is now occupying many minds in Paris, London, and New York. Every fresh experiment in the submersion of telegraphic cables seems to strengthen the hope that in time science will be able to put a belt beneath the sea, as well as a girdle round about the earth. But the obstacles are great, if not insurmountable. Fifty or a hundred miles of tubing, lying on the ocean bed, is a manageable amount of wires, easy to pay out at first, and possible to raise, examine and repair in case of accidents. But a cable three thousand miles long is another matter. True, there are certain points on the track between the two continents where it would be possible to fix the wires—for instance, the Three Chimneys and Jacquet's Island. But the first of these projecting rocks is two thousand miles from London—only five hundred of which could be saved by making one of the westernmost parts of Kerry or Connemara the point of departure. Even supposing the wires were sunk off Dunmore Head, there would be three vast sea spaces, varying from nearly a thousand to fifteen hundred miles each, to cross; seas of unknown depth—the plumb having been let out five miles without reaching sounding—and of varied character. In some places it is known that the sea valleys vary from half a mile to two miles of hollow; and many of the ridges consist of hard, water-worn and sharp pointed rocks, which, in a violent sea, it may be feared, would be likely to abrade and sever the metalic ropes. Immense spaces of the Atlantic bed are covered with gigantic sea weeds, of unknown strength and thickness; and it is imagined that the lightning wires, once imbedded in a thousand miles of these tenacious plants, could not be again raised for any purpose. How far these impediments may be surmounted, it is for science to decide—but in the meantime a project has been started which has for its object to avoid them altogether. This is to be done by changing the route, and making the journey as much as possible overland.—Starting from the most northern part of the main land of Scotland, it is proposed to throw an electric wire to Orkney, Shetland, and the Faroe Islands—to carry it thence to Iceland and the east coast of Greenland—thence onward to a point on Davis's Straits, near the Arctic Circle—and so to Cape Walsham. Another submarine wire would then carry the lines across Hudson's Straits to Upper Canada. Though the distance by this route would be much greater than through the Atlantic Ocean, the submerged wires would be about five hundred miles shorter. The number of stations by the island route would be far greater—and the wire would have to pass through the territories of a third power—Denmark, and over immense tracts of uninhabited and unexplored country."

[For all that, we think it will be done; and by this generation, too!—Home Journal.]

Gen. Pierce—The Flibusters—Gen. Scott—Post-Office Decision.

Correspondence of the N.Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 11, 1852.

An intimate personal friend of Gen. Pierce, who came recently from Boston, says the President elect will not entertain the subject of the distribution of spots even with his particular friends—that he has not made up his mind at all what course of policy he shall pursue, and has not and will not make any indication thereof for the present. Meantime the Flibusters are making ready for a descent on Cuba as soon as the present administration goes out. They expect Douglas to take the department of State, and to do the Diplomatic Engineering for them here. One thing is quite certain; they have plenty of money and a sufficient crew and muskets.—They have reliable information from the Island, and 800 men—Cuban Refugees—for pilots, who know respectively every part of the coveted country intimately. They had better not fall into the hands of the pro-slavery administration.

The statement that Gen. Scott attributed his defeat to *The Herald* was so grossly absurd as to excite no notice here. It was only intended by the ex-Senatorial correspondent of that paper to lift it out of the mire and filth into decent association. Gen. Scott never reads it, and could not, if he wished, express the loathing which he feels for everything connected therewith. His proud form was never more erect, nor his eagle eye brighter than it is to-day. He stands alone amid the wreck—grand and unconcerned like a light-house after a dreadful storm. His bosom has been tortured by the storms of war; his heart's blood has always been ready if his country's altar required the sacrifice, and he would to-morrow, if war should come, leave his fireside and his family, and, forgetting all the ingratitude he has received, lead the army, as of old, to victory. A truer, more patriotic heart than that bosom carries, never beat.

The Postmaster-General has decided that there is nothing either in the laws or regulations of the Post-Office Department, which prevents the sending of periodicals or papers to "actual and bona fide subscribers," by agents or dealers, the same as if they were mailed directly from the office of publication—all former decisions to the contrary notwithstanding. The first section of the new law embraces the case.

Yours, KORNÉR.

The post in this State is as follows: Scott 56,711; and Pierce 53,361. Scott's majority is 3,347.

THE VOTE OF 1851-'52.

Our readers will find below the official vote for Governor in 1851, and we will give the vote for President [official] as fast they reach us.

—1851—1852—

First District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Ballard.	269	340	260
Caldwell.	670	819	731
Calloway.	205	713	189
Critt'd'n.	392	425	396
Fulton.	157	261	152
Graves.	468	945	443
Hopkins.	678	803	737
Hickman.	134	358	155
Livingston.	241	313	257
Marshall.	173	571	132
McCracken.	409	373	285
Trigg.	525	580	560
Union.	486	622	499
Total.	4,881	6,983	4,954
			7,436

Second District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Br'k'ridge.	772	458	842
Butler.	255	239	312
Christian.	926	822	714
Davies.	822	816	1027
Edm'u'dn.	155	204	208
Grayson.	392	434	433
Hancock.	278	213	249
Henderson.	597	695	616
Meade.	515	224	648
Muhl'bg'd.	638	577	814
Ohio.	553	635	645
Total.	5,914	5,451	6,508
			4,780

Third District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Allen.	334	528	280
Barren.	1217	1075	1119
Logan.	1184	388	1296
Monroe.	357	407	377
Simpson.	350	401	389
Todd.	609	431	552
Warren.	1079	671	982
Total.	5,888	4,553	4,995
			3,557

Fourth District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Adair.	375	503	382
Boyle.	548	308	603
Casey.	368	246	474
Clinch.	173	295	276
C'nb'rland.	428	193	501
Green.	409	434	487
Lincoln.	576	314	674
Pulaski.	662	701	700
Russell.	404	182	437
Taylor.	254	442	268
Wayne.	513	435	463
Total.	4,493	4,138	5,200
			4,054

Fifth District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Ander.	282	641	292
Bullitt.	325	454	403
Hardin.	846	617	1007
Larue.	368	363	417
Marion.	680	750	782
Mercer.	490	966	594
Nelson.	857	509	958
Spencer.	335	346	331
W'shing'tn.	587	705	442
Total.	4,737	5,353	5,226
			4,930

Sixth District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Clay.	261	165	278
Estill.	422	382	358
Floyd.	218	379	165
Garrard.	814	272	865
Harlan.	395	75	327
Johnson.	59	427	64
Laurel.	321	264	372
L'etcher.	61	92	63
Madison.	718	513	976
Owsley.	273	236	299
Perry.	126	161	130
Pike.	279	267	221
Rockcastle.	401	137	336
Whitley.	422	203	358
Total.	5,076	5,833	4,792
			2,967

Seventh District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Carroll.	426	433	338
Henry.	735	971	744
Jefferson.	949	1034	977
L'ville.	2199	1954	2688
Oldham.	403	531	388
Shelby.	1107	703	1184
Trimble.	299	533	300
Total.	6,122	6,334	6,619
			6,858

Eighth District.

Dixon.	Powell.</
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THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, - NOVEMBER 25.

In about eight weeks the second volume of the *The Bardstown Herald* will expire. We hope to be able to have our subscription list considerably increased to commence the next volume. Let the citizens of this county remember that they do not have to pay any postage on the Herald in the country, and that they can get it, by forming clubs, for one dollar and fifty cents.

City Merchants and business men generally will find it to their advantage to make *The Bardstown Herald* the medium of communicating with the business men in this and the adjoining counties, as it now has an extensive and increasing circulation.

Those who wish to supply themselves with *Osage Orange Plants*, can learn where several thousand are for sale by calling at this office.

Letters of Recommendation.

When Dr. FRANKLIN was Minister of the United States, in France, he was often importuned by persons unknown to him to give them letters of recommendation. For cases of this kind, and when it was impossible to refuse, he prepared the following model, and in some instances actually employed it to shame persons making such indiscreet applications :

PARIS, April —, 1777.

"Sir—The bearer, going to the United States, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, although I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally so to recommend him, and sometimes they recommend one another. As to these gentlemen, I must refer you to himself for his character and morals, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom we know no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the good offices, and show him all the favor that, on further acquaintance, you shall find he deserves.

B. FRANKLIN.

The Inexhaustible Bottle Trick Explained.

Some of the illusions performed at the theaters are of a very complicated character, and more than one ruse has to be contrived to mislead, or rather to lead, the audience to think differently to what they intend. Tricks within tricks, "Veils within veils," as the shrewd Sam Weller says, are worked to render perfect one deception, and thus it is with the bottle trick. "Wherever does it come from?" says Mrs. Partington. My dear madam, that's where it is; you are deceived in the least deceptive part of the trick. There is good deal of deception, certainly, but not more than half of what you fancy. In the first place, there are the wine glasses; supposing them to be filled, they will not contain more than one-quarter of the quantity of the usual glass; they are, in fact, what I heard Mrs. Thingamy (our charwoman) say they were, regular "eight-outs," that is, a quarter, or gill, will fill eight of such glasses. Let me see, a wine bottle holds nearly eight quarters; eight times eight (for such are the glasses used at the theater) are sixty-four. No wonder poor Mrs. P. should say, "Where does it all come from?" when she sees five dozen and four glasses filled from one bottle; no wonder that the bottle is christened "Inexhaustible." Secondly, suppose I have a bottle to hold a quarter more than an ordinary bottle, by having it made a trifle larger in diameter, and doing away with the false bottom which exists in all common bottles, why then I could contrive it to hold no less than eighty of the wizard's "bumpers!" Fancy a conjurer having what a wine-merchant has—not—an honest bottle. You won't believe it; well, then, here you are deceived again, for it is an honest bottle that is used. Now for the trick. An empty bottle is brought forward (*the bottle*); it is washed out before the company, and drained, to show that it is both clean and empty; but it wants wiping (of course), after being wetted. So a napkin is handed to the magician, with which he wipes the bottle, as much after the fashion of a waiter as he can; but in this clumsy kind of napkin is concealed a weak preparation of spirits of wine, sugar and water, in a bladder; and thus, in the face of the audience, he fills the bottle without their knowing it. Now, to account for the different liquors. This part of the illusion is thus managed. The glasses are arranged on the tray, in definite manner, known to the operator; into each glass one drop of various flavoring essences are placed, such as essence of noyau, essence of brandy, essences of port or sherry, wine, lemonade, peppermint, cloves, pine apple, pears, &c.; these being filled up with the spirit of wine, according to what is called for by the audience, completes the illusion of the inexhaustible bottle. And if still more be required, the operator may have concealed in his sleeve a bladder of liquid, as easily as a bagpipe-player can blow away a bag of wind. This trick is also performed with a bottle having four interior divisions, each containing a different liquor.

"It is a great pity that you come dangling at my heels, Mr. Nonentity," said a consequential lady, to her sentimental admirer; "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Most amiable of your sex," said he, "so flattening a compliment, let me remind you that you occupy it entirely."

For the Western Recorder.

THE CREATION.

Mysterious darkness reigned supreme, and space was its abode. For naught as yet being, save eternity and God, Creation was not, yet it seemed in embryo to sleep. As His own spirit moved upon the waters of the deep:

For at the fiat of His will, behold, a Light had birth, Although in solitude it beamed upon a simple earth. Yet from this rude unfashioned mass, by His all-powerful arm,

The sun was gathered to themselves, and earth received her form.

The mountains were upon their heads a coronet of green. And from his orient home, the Sun gazed at this green scene;

The rushing brooks and rippling rills seemed dancing with delight.

And earth, and seas, and skies appeared so beautiful, so bright.

And when the God of day went down, and Night her robes unfurled.

A death-like stillness hovered o'er the silent, sleeping world,

The moon in splendor saluted forth upon her gilded head;

And in a spot of heaven appeared without its twinkling star,

With velvet foot, o'er nature vast, the dews all silent crept,

And earth lay bathed in pearly tears, which heaven for gladness wept.

Now, behold another scene—a brighter place appeared.

For in the bolder flowers bloomed, and melody was heard.

The zephyrs stole among the trees, and woke wild music there,

While countless songs of countless birds were floating on the air.

Jehovah gazed on this sweet spot, and in his judgment wise.

Made it the home of God-like Man, and called it Paradise.

The sons of God then raised a shout, the stars together sang.

Till hill and dale, yes, earth itself in one wild anthem rang!

The angels, too, to greet the world, their flashing pinions spread,

And dropped the crown of innocence upon its infant head;

Then as the mighty work was done, and all in order stood,

God looked from his eternal throne, and "saw that it was good!"

Maysville, Ky., Oct. 30. MARY.

The Long Ago.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

You are far away, my Lida,
And the April breezes blow
Over the hills of Alameda;
Where we wove many a love song;
When the sunny hours of childhood
Swept like singing streams along,
And the valley and the woodland
Echoed to our merry song;
When we used to run bright races
With the sunshine on the hill—
O'er those old familiar places
Does the sunshine linger still?

You ever think, my mignon,
Of that pleasant long ago;
Flitting like a fairy's pinion,
With its evanescent glow?
When our little hearts kept beating,
Still in the music-chime,
Like the thrill of something exciting
In some happy Eden-land;
And the thrill of gushing gladness,
Swinging up we know not how,
Never lingered with night of sadness—
Does it thrill your bon-nor?

You ever wander, sister,
By the lonely bushy bank,
Where the crimson lilies cluster
'Mid the rushes and dank?
Where when'er we went a nutting
We would rest at even-tide,
On the rocky ledges jutting
From the bosky side;
Robbins built beneath the arches,
And a blue-bird in a bough
Of the over-hanging larches—
Do you ever hear them now?

Can't you recall the legend olden
Of that shadow-haunted dell,
Where the sun-light, green and golden,
Ross fantastically fell?

And the ranges of "mossy mountains,"
Where sweet "Alanquida's bower,"
Rose beside the forest fountains,
'Neath a jewel-dropping shower
Of hazel's pretty tubs,
And the maple's ruby sheen,
Which the winds, her fairy vassals,
Poured around the "Indian Queen."

Then the jolly rides of morning
On the pony sleek and old,
Ever the pony's paces, bounding
On the upland bank and hillside,
And the search for silver-fishes—
Wading in the crystal pools,
(Just the spot to suit our wishes,)
At the noon-tide clear and cool,
How the tiny hillocks tinkled
O'er the pebbles and the net,
And your little white feet twinkled—
O! I think I see them yet!

Yes, I see you often, Lida,
As you used to look when we
Dwelt at "Bonnie Alameda."
With the bird and breeze and bee,
Laughing eyes of limpid azure
And the snowy baby brow,
Peeping from the gold embrasure
Of its curly hair? Is it not?
Then I see you, O God had us—
Down to slumber in the wild,
For his love would then have made us
Each his little angel-child!

ATTEMPT OF A FEMALE TO VOTE.—A female dressed in male attire presented herself on Tuesday, at the 4th Poll District of the XIXth Ward, and wanted to deposit her vote. A bystander challenged her right to vote, when she declined to "kiss the book." The inspector, thinking her face rather smooth for a legal voter, and thinking it possible that she might be a female, requested her to take off her hat: She refused, alleging that she had a severe cold. A police officer, who was standing by, took the liberty of raising her hat, when her sex was at once discovered, and she left the poll amid the suppressed laughter of the bystanders.—New York Tribune.

MRS ADOLPHUS SMITH SPORTING THE BLUE STOCKING.—Well, I think I'll finish that story for the editor of the Dutchman. Let me see; where did I leave off? The setting sun was just gilding with his ray—"Ma'am I want some bread and molasses (yes dear,) gilding with his last rays the church spire—"Who's where's my sunday pants?" (*Under the bed, dear*) the church spire of Inverness, when a—"There's nothing under the bed, but your lace cap." (Perhaps they are in the coal hole in the closet)—when a horseman was seen approaching—"Ma'am, the perturbations are not one to bide for dinner."—(Take some turpines,)—approaching, covered with dust and—"Wife the baby has swallowed a button,"—(*Reverse him, dear—take him by the heels,*)—and waving in his hand a banner, on which was written—"Ma, I've torn my pantaloons—liberty or death!" The inhabitants rushed en masse—"Wife, will you leave off scribbling?" (Don't be disagreeable Smith, I'm just getting inspired)—to the public square, where De Bagnis, who had been secretly—

"Butcher wants to see you ma'am," Secretly informed of the traitors—"Forgot which you said ma'am sausages or mutton chop,"—movements, gave orders to fire; not less than twenty—"My gracious, Smith, you haven't been reversing that child all this time; he's as black as your coat—and that boy yours has torn up the first sheet of my manuscript. There! it's no use for a married woman to cultivate her intellect. I must wait till I'm a widow. Smith hand me those twins.

[FANNY FERN.]

Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide; the rosie wine had ebbed away and left itscrys-talside; and the wind went humming—humming, up and down the sides it flew, and through the reed-like, hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the querest strains to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!" The Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred thousands of the veriest men; but I, "was thus the bottle spoke," but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye young and maidens, all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up! that puts to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below, for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of wo. Tho' in the path of battle, darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body, I have damn'd the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road of Death."

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night, in the streets of Paris, was carried on the following morning, before a lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"Oh! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate.

"I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

MEEKNESS.—We once heard of a poor boy about 18, who fell in love with a "strong-minded" widow, aged about thirty-five. He was in a bad way, and did not understand "wilders," but "hung around" so much as to attract the notice and contempt of his idol. Getting desperate and hearing the widow was sick, he mustered his courage, went down to the house, and offered to "watch with her." Her eyes flashed, she jumped up, looked at him, and said with a awful distinctness—

"Jem, tell your mother if she don't keep you at home, I'll hurt you!"

Jem arose, went to her "dogratope," which hung over the mantel-piece, kissed it, dropped two tears on the cat's back, made up an awful face—and left.

To enumerate all the articles is too tedious;

and suffice it to say, that they can dress

Boys, Youths and Men in fifteen

Minutes,

in fashionable styles and different low prices

according to quality.

We have also a large lot of

Pocket Cutlery, Trunks, Carpet Bags,

Plush, Cloth and Oil Cloth Caps; Silk,

Woolen and Cotton Undershirts, Drawers,

Shirts and Standing Collars, in great variety,

which they will sell at our usual CHEAP prices,

warranting the Quality, Cut, Style and Make

to be superior to articles formerly brought to

this place, as all of their materials are bought

from the first hands, in this country or directly imported from the factories in Europe, and the manufacturing is superintended by one of the firm, who has been engaged for several years in the most extensive clothing manufacturing houses in this country, and applying himself exclusively to the business.

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MRS. PARTINGTON, in illustration of the proverb that "a soft word turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak parabolical of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him, for no good never comes to nobody that never speak no good of no one."

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

"Tis the last fly of summer,
Let buzzing alone;

All its black-legged companions
Are driven up or gone.

None of its kindred—
No black-bottle's night;

To sport 'mid the sugars,

Or in the milk die.

I'll not do them, thou lone one,

A victim to be;

Since the rest are all vanished,

Come dine with me;

Thus kindly I scatter

Some crumbs of my bread,

Where thy mates on the table

Lie withered and dead.

But soon you will perish,

I'm sadly afraid,

For the glass is at sixty,

Just in the shade,

When was last in all vanished,

And blue-bottle flown,

This bleak world alone.

AN ORDINANCE.

AT A MEETING of the Board of Trustees of Bardstown, on this day, November 5th, 1852. It is ordered that any person or persons who shall shoot or fire any Fire-crackers or Torpedoes in Bardstown, shall forfeit and pay the sum of not less than One Dollar nor more than Fifteen Dollars, to be re-avered as other fines and forfeitures are recovered by the laws of this Town. The foregoing Ordinance shall be in force from and after the 12th day of November, 1852.

JOSEPH HART, Chairman.

November 11th, 1852.—3.

PLASTERING.